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INTERNATIONAL club

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'KISS IT, STROKE IT, LICK IT, POKE IT!'

GUSHING GABBY DOESN'T MESS ABOUT!

VOTE FOR YOUR GIRL OF THE YEAR!

BASIC INSTINCT!

DAVE BEER DRINKS HIMSELF TO DEATH LIVE!

THREE GIRL ORGY! YEAH!

NOT BAD VALUE, HUH?

CUNNING STUNTS TO WRECK YOUR CAR!

THIS MONTH IN CLUB

tease

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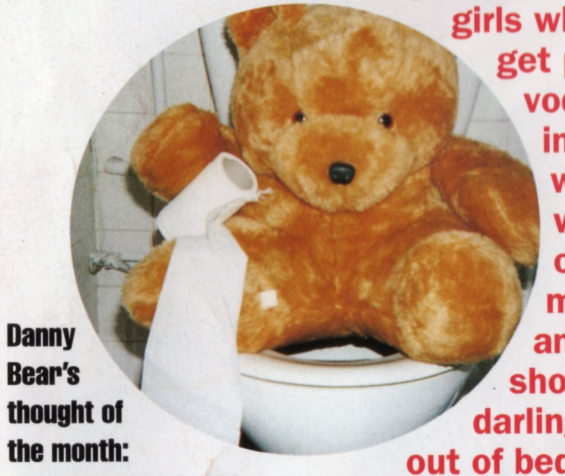
CLUB INTERNATIONAL
Volume Twenty Four
Number Fourteen

This new sleek and silky issue of Club is dedicated to the girls I've met around the West End this month. Girls like the waitress in the Pitcher and Piano on Dean Street who gave me the eye all night then, for some reason, asked me to leave. The girl in the Coach and Horses who was seriously pretty but wouldn't serve me because my friend was staring at her so much. And the girl on the bus who appeared to make room for me next to her as I sat down on the way home from the pub, but then got up and moved to another seat.

But who cares? I've got tons of girlfriends who like me; girls who love it when I get pissed on chili vodka and throw up in their beds; girls who like to be woken up at four o'clock in the morning by me and my friends shouting "Come on, darling, get your arse out of bed and make us some tea and toast"; girls who beg for you to ring them up from the pub and ask them to come and pick you up cos you've lost your cash, all your mates and your sense of direction and can't remember where you live; girls who like me just the way I am. (And the way my mates are too.)

And do you know why they like me like that? Because you can get away with anything with girls as long as you make it up to them in the morning. A box of chocolates, a bunch of flowers and a breakfast in bed speaks volumes about the sort of bloke you really are. It says you care.

It says you aren't just a badly dressed, unshaven piss-head Club reader with no thoughts for anyone but yourself. It says you are a man; a man who loves women. It says you are a citizen. It says you are a man who can cry, who can hold a new-born baby, who can help old people across roads. But most of all it says you are a fucking good liar and girls believe anything. – *The Ed* ♣



Danny Bear's thought of the month: "Sorry, I just can't think of one."

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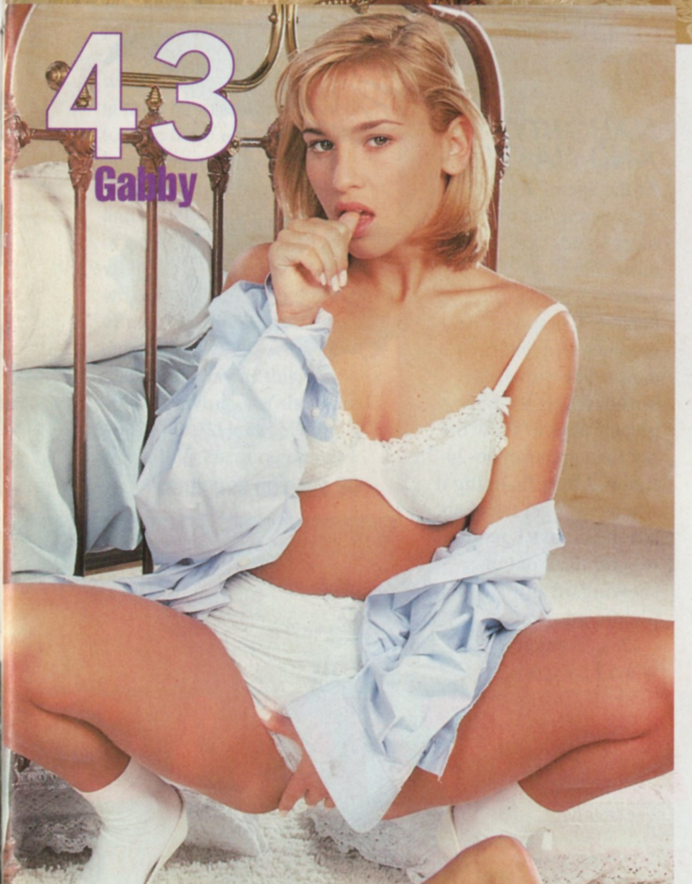

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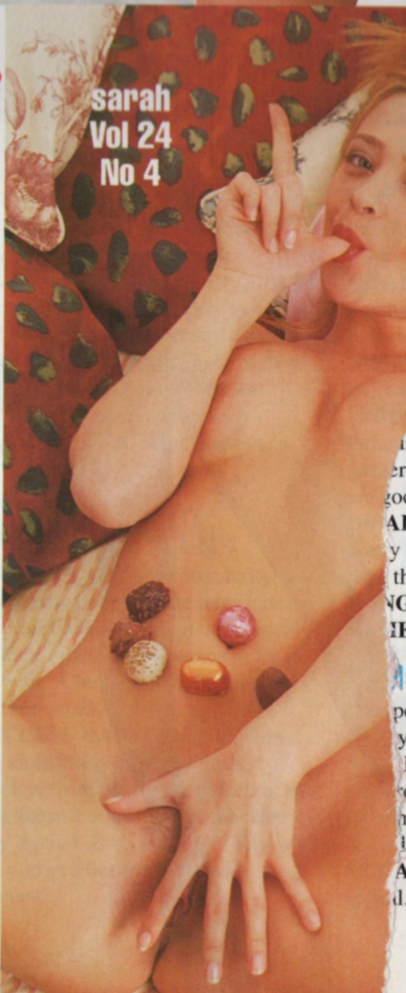
sarah Vol 24 No 4

girl of the year '95

It's time to spend a few nostalgic moments looking back, and with this lot, that can't do you any harm. Flicking through the back catalogue we'd like you to decide for us, just who was girl of the year.

They're all gorgeous, but which was the one who really did it for you? Or rather, which would you like to do it with? Show your appreciation for the sexiest, most seductive girl we've featured in these pages over the last year. We'll announce the winner in Club Vol 25 No 1, and all that...♣

parties, non-stop booze, decent food, and when you're bored, ce settlement.

CATIONS: Like I say, etter luck being a blonde ng around flash clubs only reason they let you in ou're a blonde bird. nately, unless you're already is and rich, they won't let ers into flash clubs. Even if you good looking.

ADVANTAGES: You have to y them. You might even have to them too.

GEVITY: Until you divorce.

E QUOTA: 5.

OUS ACTOR

pop stars, but without the hassle ying a gig and clogging up the Instead, you lounge around a ound (movie set) all day for months with a constant supply ls, food and drugs.

APPEAL: You can inherit sex l. Tim Roth at school: alright

society for eroes.

SEX APPEAL: Charles Manson had loads of female followers, and still receives hundreds of letters from birds all over the world. Still, now he's incarcerated, the only thing he'll ever shag again is his hand.

DISADVANTAGES: You're only famous once you've been caught and locked up, unless you're OJ Simpson.

PERKS: Your crap drawings and banal mutterings become profound. You get plenty of pen pals.

QUALIFICATIONS: The stupidity to get caught if you want to become famous.

LONGEVITY: It's ironic that once you become a famous killer, you yourself become a target for others who crave the same infamy. Once inside prison, Jeffrey Dahmer lasted less than five years.

FAME QUOTA: 10.

Matt Moore is currently available for after-dinner speeches, walk-on parts and modelling assignments. ♣

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of the flat that I shared with Laura. There she was, lying on the sofa, her skirt hitched up, knickers around her ankles and three fingers plunged into her slit. I don't know who was more embarrassed, me or her, but I mumbled something about being sorry and quickly walked out of the room.

A couple of minutes later, Laura poked her head around my bedroom door and apologised. We started to talk and I confessed that I was really intrigued by masturbation. Laura couldn't believe it when I told her that I didn't do it.

"But it's fantastic," she exclaimed. "It's almost as good as shagging."

That night, as I lay in bed, I had the feeling that I was missing out on something. My fingers drifted down to my crotch and I started to rub them around my labia lips. Amazingly, considering I had always had the impression that it was dirty, I thought the feeling of playing with my own pussy was fantastic. My fingers probed deeper into my slit and I found within a couple of minutes that I was coming long and hard.

Well you could say that a whole new world opened up to me right there. I was wanking just about every time I had a spare moment. I'd nip off to the loos at college in the ten minutes between lectures, slip into one of the cubicles, hitch my skirt up, pull my knickers to one side and start wanking.

Eventually I confessed to Laura that catching her at it had turned me on to the idea, and I was fingering my hole whenever I got the chance. She laughed and said that she was glad that she'd been of some help. Later that same evening, after we'd shared three bottles of wine, Laura got very bold and said that maybe we should have a competition to see who could come first. I was pissed, otherwise I would never have had the courage, but the thought of wanking with another girl at the same time really turned me on.

We stripped off our clothes and lay next to each other on the floor, our legs parted and our fingers working on our pussies. It was probably one of the sexiest moments of my life, watching my flatmate wanking herself off as I rubbed hard at my own lips.

From that moment on, I've always instigated sex by insisting that the man I'm with watches me while I bring myself off first. Most of the men I've been with have found this a real turn-on and you can see their cocks straining against the zips of their pants, bursting to get to grips with me as I slide a couple of fingers in.

So, why exactly am I writing to you now? Well, I thought you'd be interested in what happened to me at the weekend. I had been out at a bar in town and ended up chatting to a couple of guys. Brian and Tony were both good-looking and, to be honest, I didn't know which one I would like to shag more! We all ended up back at my flat and I decided that it would be great to have both of them. I asked them to get undressed, as I had a little treat for them, and they were out of their clothes in an instant. I told them to sit on the couch, took my own clothes off and stood in front of them. I have a good body, and my nipples were rock hard as I eased a couple of fingers into my mound and I started to grind my fingers inside me, getting more turned on so that I was coming in a matter of seconds.

Both lads couldn't believe what they were seeing, and when I finished my wanking act for them, I let Tony fuck me from behind whilst I sucked on Brian's dick! I still can't believe I was behaving like such a spunk hungry temptress!

The rest of our evening was spent working up a real sweat, and by the end both blokes begged me to wank myself off again! Well, what can a girl do? I didn't want to let them down! I wonder if any of your readers are as turned on by wanking in front of their sexual conquests as I am!

– Angela, Colchester

> I eased a finger into my sopping mound and I started to grind my fingers hard inside my hole

ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

DOUBLE ACT

My best friend Nancy and I discovered Club by accident. We are both single at the moment, and you'd be right in assuming that we're both gagging for it on a permanent basis!

No, seriously, we both love sex in all its different positions and combinations, and we've even been known to experiment with each other on occasion, though that's only when there's a shortage of men. Personally, I think that sucking a meaty cock until all that come shoots down the back of your throat is the most delicious feeling in the world, whereas Nancy loves nothing more than an old-fashioned porking. Between us, we must have tried every sexual position possible, and could probably write the Kama Sutra!

Because we're both pretty good looking, we're never short of offers from men. We're both quite fussy... until it gets to the stage where we're both just panting for it, and then we go for the first pair of trousers that comes to hand! Nancy is a petite girl, with small, rounded tits which she's always wished were bigger, and a tiny waist which she shows off with skin-tight outfits. She always wears high heels to make herself look taller, and also because she knows that most guys are turned on by them.

I'm the opposite of Nancy – I'm a 5' 10" blonde with legs which are lengthy enough to wrap around a guy's neck! However, like my best pal I love wearing tight outfits, the ones that really announce 'fuck me!' to anyone who cares to get the message. Right now, as I'm writing this, I have a black lace body on with a short mini-skirt. The body is low cut at the back and the front, so it really shows off my bust. I'm a 38D, and I'm proud of every inch!

Nancy and I work together in the same office, and we came across a copy of Club when a guy called Maurice moved office and we had to clear out a desk ready for his replacement. The mag was obviously well-thumbed, and as we flicked through it we found it so exciting that we were surprised that he got any work done! After that, we were both hooked on the mag and started to buy it every month, mainly to read the confessions. That's why we're sending ours in now.

Every three months, we have an office party at work to celebrate the sales figures. Nancy and I had been badly behaved at a few of them, but the one at the end of last quarter was a party to be savoured. Maurice's replacement turned out to be this hunky but rather shy bloke called Gareth. He was one of those bookish types who prefers to stay at home and read rather than have a night out with the lads, but to our eyes, we knew that under his sober clothes and glasses there was a real tiger.

"That square jaw is so manly," Nancy drooled one lunch time. "And just look at that crotch – the size of the packet in there has to be seen to be believed!"

It was true: there looked as if there was a monster cock lurking under Gareth's dark blue suit, although he would obviously never let either of us close enough to get a good look. He'd blush if we so much as looked at him, though I'd swear that one hot day during the summer when I was wearing a skimpy white cotton dress that was virtually see-through, I saw a distinct stirring in Gareth's crotch!

I have to admit that Nancy and I became obsessed with which one of us could be the first to get him into bed.

My fingers were digging into her tight bum cheeks

Clearly, the office party at the end of November was going to be the opportunity.

With that in mind, Nancy and I went to town with our outfits for that night. The parties themselves were always held in the boardroom and attended by everyone in the building, so we decided to make an entrance by tarting ourselves up in the ladies after work, then arriving as late as we could. Nancy was wearing a figure-hugging red dress with no bra, and she was so excited her nipples were poking out proud. The line of her stockings and suspenders was visible through the dress, but I thought that just added to the effect. "No bloke's going to be able to resist that," I told her.

Meanwhile, I was wearing my favourite white outfit, which shows off my blonde hair superbly. The top I was wearing was a lace-up basque, which made my boobs spill out over the top. "They'll all be wanting a bite of that!" Nancy laughed. My skirt was flouncy and very short, and I'd left my legs bare to show off my tan.

Everyone at the office is used to Nancy and I being more than a bit forward, but there was a hushed silence as we came into the party looking like a pair of fuck hungry sluts. We dived into the punch straight away, and from the taste of it someone had spiked the bowl with something stronger than just white wine. An hour later, we were all practically rolling drunk.

Before too long, Nancy and I found ourselves dancing in the middle of the room, groping each other's boobs and buttocks as the music pounded. A crowd of guys from the accounts department were gathered around, cheering us on.

"Come on, Nance, let's give them something to really cheer about!" I yelled to her. And with that, I pulled her dress down off her shoulders and exposed her tits for everyone to see.

I fed his stiff cock down my throat, inch by delicious inch

There were wolf-whistles echoing around immediately, and out of the corner of my eye I could see that Gareth was one of the blokes cheering the loudest. What a turn-up! He wouldn't say boo to a goose when he was behind his desk, but after a few drinks he was there urging us to get it on with each other. Well, if that's what the lads wanted...

I bent down and sucked Nancy's tits, running my tongue right around her nipples, then pushing my mouth down on them and sucking hard. I know Nancy loves that, and she was really responding well, panting out loud and yelling "Suck me! Suck me!" so that everyone could hear. I guided her hands to the lace-up front of my top, and she started to untie me. When my huge boobs fell out into her hands, there was a deafening cheer.

From there, I guess we just got out of control. I knelt down between Nancy's legs and pulled her dress right down to her ankles. Her black g-string went with it, so that her pussy was on show for everyone. I plunged my tongue right into it and started to lick her out, rubbing my nose onto her clit at the same time.

"Ooooh, I'm coming!" she yelled as her first orgasm of the night rippled right through her. "You give the best head of anyone I know, Mel!" And she came again. My tongue was working overtime trying to lick up all the juice that was oozing out of her. My fingers were digging into her tight little bum cheeks and all I could smell was her come juice.

The cheering behind me was getting louder as Nancy orgasmed for the third time. Then she told me it was my turn. "Get on the table," she ordered, so we both mounted the big boardroom table that had been pushed to one side of the room. I lay on my back with my legs bent over, and Nancy knelt between my legs, poured a whole cupful of punch on to my pussy and began to lick me out.

"You taste good enough anyway," she told me between bouts of licking, "but this punch really makes you good enough to eat!"

I couldn't reply, because I was so turned on. My hips were bucking and I was pulling and pinching my nipples as hard as I could to heighten the force of my orgasm. My moans were almost loud enough to drown out the music and the cheering, and they got louder as Nancy speeded up her tongue's movements.

"Now she's ready for you, lads!" Nancy yelled after she'd brought me off yet again. I lay back, trying to recover my breath... but lost it again when Gareth approached the table, his cock in his hand. It was as big as I had imagined.

Nancy made Gareth stand at the edge of the table whilst I got on all fours and bent forward to cup his balls.

The crowd closed in as I guided Gareth's cock into my mouth and began to suck him slowly. I circled my tongue around that dark pink helmet first, then fed his cock down my throat, inch by delicious inch.

Gareth tipped his head back and closed his eyes as he felt my tongue working along the underside of his shaft. Honestly, it was almost as thick as my wrist, and I got the shock of my life when Gareth spunked down my throat. I've never known a man come so much: my mouth was literally awash with his sticky load.

That seemed to be the signal for me to take on all-comers. Suddenly, there was a queue of blokes, all wanting to have their cocks sucked. And I was only too willing to oblige them. Meanwhile, Nancy was getting a thorough seeing-to from Gareth's tool. She was perched on the edge of the table with her legs wrapped around his waist, humping down on to that shaft like her life depended on it. Judging from the sounds she was making, it probably did.

My mouth was beginning to ache by now, so I used my big melons on a couple of the guys' cocks instead, wrapping them around like a second pussy and then sliding the cock up and down inside. They all seemed to love the warm, fleshy feel of that, and I collected a good couple of sacs' worth of spunk on my chest and neck.

Not surprisingly, since it was Club that started us off on all this, Nancy and I are confirmed readers – as are all the guys at the office, including Gareth. We've both been teaching him a few tricks, and showing him how good three-in-a-bed can be. After all, with a girl at each end there's not much more a bloke could want in life, is there? – *Mel, Surrey*

I circled my tongue around his dark pink helmet

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

SWINGING SEASON

After reading an article in a magazine about couples and their swinging activities, I couldn't resist writing into Club and telling you of my own sexual exploits. You see, I'm into swinging too, but I reckon some of the things that my boyfriend Andy and I indulge in would even make some of your readers blush!

We're both still quite young, although we're certainly not naive. I'll be 21 next month and Andy's a year older. We always make sure that the couples we meet are also young and good looking too. That's why I'm not ashamed to show my face and body for all your horny readers, because I'm proud of what I've got and I'm more than happy to share it around. You can't imagine the thrill of getting fucked at least four times a month by different people as well as your regular partner. Each cock feels totally different as it slides slowly up my tight pussy. Each cock tastes different when you take it right to the back of your throat. Each jerking, spurting hot trail of spunk tastes fantastic, but the taste is always distinct. And I want to taste as many different varieties as I can.

He sprayed my face with a stream of hot spunk

Not that I knew this all that long ago. I was just a regular girl when I first met Andy about 18 months ago. Of course, I loved to suck cock – what girl doesn't? – but I had always stayed with one man for pleasure. It helped that Andy was pretty handy between the sheets and knew what he was doing. Andy was also into getting his kicks from fucking in dangerous places.

The very first night that we met was in the lift at the hotel where I was work as a customer services manager. He was on his way back to his office after a lunch appointment and I had finished my shift for the day. He asked me for a coffee, one thing lead to another and before I knew it we were in a cubicle in the toilets, me bent over with my knickers around my ankles as he slammed his cock inside me. Quite an introduction, I'm sure you'll agree!

I was more than satisfied with Andy, and we always had exciting new experiences. You wouldn't believe the amount of times that I've disappeared under the table in dimly-lit restaurants to give Andy a slow blow job. Which is why it was a bit of a shock the night when we were lying in bed and Andy suggested the idea of swapping partners. I can't remember exactly what he said, but I remember feeling a little put out. Wasn't I good enough for him? Wasn't I satisfying him? We seemed to fuck all the time, in every position, and in any place imaginable.

I went to sleep and tried not to think about it too much, but something strange happened during the night. I had a very intense and real dream where Andy was lying on the floor, his head buried in the muff of a pretty young girl, tonguing out her wet minge for all he was worth. I was with another guy who was naked, his thick cock bobbing up and down as he moved towards me. I went down on my knees and started to give fast, dirty and exciting head. When the bloke shot his spunk down to the back of my throat I woke up to find that the bed was wet where I had actually come.

I couldn't help thinking about what had happened all day while I was at work. I have to admit that I was becoming more attracted to the idea by the minute.

By the time the weekend arrived I was convinced that I was bang up for getting together with a bunch of horny people and getting down to some serious business. I told Andy that maybe his idea hadn't been so bad after all and that I would be into the idea of swinging if we could find the right people.

He worked a big black dildo in and out of her pussy

Andy was so excited about the prospect that he could hardly wait to get things together. Over the next few weeks we sorted out partners through contact magazines, and our sex life just seemed to get better. We were shagging constantly, heightening our passion to greater heights as we imagined there were other people involved.

We finally managed to set up a party at our place for three other swinging couples and spent all day getting the house tidy. It was the perfect place to have a sex party, a bawdy-looking Victorian house with an atmosphere that said 'decadent'. I'd already been out the day before to buy myself a really tarty outfit, all short skirt and black lace, and by the time early evening came around I slipped into the bathroom to get myself ready for an evening of sex!

All the couples arrived on time and I have to admit that when I saw everyone in the flesh, I was very pleased. Everyone was young, good-looking and, of course, ready for sex. We all started chatting away while music played in the background. I began talking to Ian and Sophie, my skirt riding up as I crossed and uncrossed my legs, making sure that Ian got a view of my stocking tops and a glimpse of my skimpy black knickers.

Eventually I decided to get things moving. I spread my legs as I sat on the sofa and brazenly asked Ian if he wanted to lick my pussy. I was surprised how easily the words came out, but Ian was down in an instant, pulling my knickers to one side before poking his tongue deep into my juicy slit. I glanced over to the other side of the room where Andy had started to get down with one of the other girls and grinned at him.

It was amazing having Ian giving me such great head in full view of everyone else in the room. It turned me on

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I don't give blow jobs. I suck and swallow! I'll give you the kind of erotic experience that'll make your balls ache for more and your c**k so happy It'll salute me. Dial 00 852 1723 0033

I CAN MAKE you scream with pleasure and leave you completely satisfied. I'm a 5 foot 4 inch tarty brunette, stockings and gusset sniffer who genuinely can't get enough. Call me on 00 852 1723 0034 and let me tell you what I can do for you.

I CAN make all your wet dreams cum true. For the hottest f***ing mouth off to give you shuddering satisfaction. Just dial 00 852 1723 0035

SCREAMING orgasm on the end of your stiffy. Call 00 852 1723 0036

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even more that people could watch me getting off with this total stranger. Sophie, meanwhile, had hitched her skirt up, was lying on the floor and was wanking away at her little pink bud. She was really going for it and it turned me on just as much seeing her fingering herself as it did getting head.

"Fuck me right now," I told Ian. He got up, slipped out of his jeans to reveal a thick cock that was glistening with pre-come. I was so wet from his tonguing that his dick slipped easily inside me and he was soon into a rhythm, banging my pussy like there was no tomorrow.

Ian soon pulled out his tool and sprayed my face with a stream of hot spunk. Sophie started licking the love cream off my face, slipping her tongue inside my mouth so that I could taste the spunk on it. I had never had sex with a woman before, but I wanted to now. I buried my head between Sophie's legs, moving my tongue around and exploring every inch of her tight pussy. Her juices were tangy and tasty and I greedily gobbled away. I looked over to the other corner of the room where Andy was now being sucked off by one of the other girls while he worked a big black dildo in and out of the pussy of the third girl. It really turned me on seeing my man getting a good sorting from these two sexy women.

One of the other guys, Tom, pulled me away from Sophie's hot minge. He was sporting a hard-on that looked like it would never go away. I bent over the sofa and let him slip inside me from behind. I could feel his balls slapping against the cheeks of my bum as he pumped in and out of my pussy, pulling his cock right out of me before slamming deep inside me again. I started to moan loudly.

It didn't take Tom long before he shot his wad deep inside me and I came myself, the force of his hot seed spurting inside me bringing about an orgasm that made my whole body vibrate.

"Come upstairs," I said to Tom, Ian and Sophie, and we all headed for the bathroom. I filled a tubful of water, then climbed into the tub with Sophie where we spent a while rubbing each others' tits and pussies, putting on a bit of a show for the two men. I was having the time of my life as I held her lips apart with one hand while slipping a finger of the other hand in to pleasure Sophie. She came noisily, screaming with pleasure as the blokes in front of us wanked themselves off, shooting wads of come that landed in the bath water!

By the time we all came down again, the living room looked like the hottest scene from the best blue movie you've ever seen! There were stockings and knickers everywhere, Andy was lying in the middle of the floor with one girl straddled on top of him, bouncing up and down on what looked like a serious hard-on. Another girl was wriggling on his face, making sure that her pussy was getting undivided attention from Andy's tongue. Watching two sets of big tits bouncing up and down was certainly a sight for sore eyes, I can tell you.

The four of us sat on the sofa and watched. I must admit that I did play with my pussy as this threesome went on in front of me, and by the time that Andy had shot his umpteenth load of spunk that evening I was just about ready to come again myself.

By the time everyone had left and we finally fell into bed Andy and I agreed that we had been truly converted to the swinging scene. There'll be a lot more nights like this, I can tell you! – *Jenny, Nottingham* ♣

I buried my head between her legs and explored every inch of her tight pussy

YEAH! WITH VANESSA *WILKS!*

She's kickin' up a storm and cocking an ear to the hottest sounds...

Cypress Hill *Temple Of Boom*, Colombia

We love Cypress Hill. The alliance of DJ Muggs, B-Real and Sen Dog produced the now legendary debut *Cypress Hill*, where their blunted hip-hop was first experienced in thousands of post-club 'all-back-to-mine' chill-outs. It was an instant classic, adored by dopeheads all over the country. Whether it was the whiny rap from B-Real, the seriously dope beats or, more likely, the wickedly funny lyrics, we all went for another suck when we heard the line, 'Hits from the bong'.

The mighty Bud (and we're not talking about the beer either) is again central to the Cypress Hill legend. The number of words they find to rhyme with 'blunt', 'herb' or 'weed' is astonishing. By way of a taster the first track begins, 'Once again the powers of the herb open up your mind/ Seek deep inside and tell me what you find'. Pass the doobie. **Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah**

T.A.
2
TRANCE
ATLANTIC

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STREET JAZZ
where hip-hop meets jazz
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the 4th disciple
wu tang clan
the roots
the solsonics

Cypress Hill
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Various Artists *Jazz In The House*, Downlow

A lady stands by an open fire. Her frosty eyes gaze into the hearth. A suave, self-assured French dude oozes up to her. He smiles and seduces her with his piercing stare, French accent and the somewhat strange anecdote about ice 'n' Cointreau. Lips are quivering, temperatures are rising. The ice melts...

Mills & Boon eat your heart out. Unlike the sleazy man in the Cointreau advert, *Jazz In The House* doesn't indulge in such gooey cheddar sentimentality. But akin to his French amour, it's soft and passionate without compromising to cheese balls. Full of the blues, happy vibes and sweet melody it's more chillin' than Kool and the Gang does *Holiday On Ice*. Feel the shiver creep up your spine when you listen to the beautiful *Bless Your Life* by KGB. The harmony between jazz and hip-hop is perfect. Like Gazza crying for England in the World Cup, it's hard, proud and passionate – but gooey in the middle. **Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah**

Various Artists *Trance Atlantic Express 2*, TA

Trance Atlantic Express 2 is like the Kinder egg of compilation LPs – there's three things in one. There's music! There's a fancy box which contains 22 tranced-out tracks! And there's also a present... The Atlantic picture book stuffed with discographies, anthologies and histories of the DJs and artists on the US rave scene!

Star studded with artists all over the US, it reflects the disparate strands of the US acid house scene. Fitting then that it begins with Jamie Myserson's jungle track *Heartsong* only to proceed later to the tranced-out mantras from the likes of Green Velvet's *Help Me*. Later Dubtribe calm it down with their subsonic bass rumble, and other treats along the way include Josh Wink, Frankie Bones, Felix Da Housecat and Paul Johnson all kickin' up a rumpus in the name of crazy dancefloor annihilation.

'Avin it Stateside, indeed! **Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah ♣**

in the bag

continued from page 5

needed, and running my fingers through my silky curls, I sat back on the desk.

"I suppose you'd all like me to open my legs a bit more," I teased, doing just that and feeling a spurt of cunt cream moistening my fingertips.

"Or maybe you'd me to do this," I gasped, lying back and stretching my thighs wide so that they all got a good view of my fingers trailing along the wet folds of my labia, finally latching onto my pink clit and gently rubbing it as I felt all their hungry eyes boring into me. Frigging myself faster and faster, I went a bit over the top, and before I could stop I brought myself to a shuddering climax right there on the desk top!

I even shocked myself as I realised that wasn't enough, I didn't want to have all these randy studs just looking at me, I wanted to feel their spunk splashing over my snatch and drenching my succulent slit. Unfortunately, our lunchbreak ended too soon for me to satisfy my appetite properly, and I had to wait until the weekend to finish my fun.

My party animal friend, Lucy, had a party at her house, and I walked in wearing a long coat. There were already a few stunning girls there but I knew they were no competition for me, and as I dropped my coat to reveal my lithe, busty body clad in stockings and suspenders, I got a few lusty looks and wolf whistles.

"Are you planning on finishing your show, Nina?" shouted one of the guys from the office, shoving his way through the crowd to the front. How could a flash-happy tart like me resist? After all, I'd come prepared with all the equipment I needed!

My pussy was already sticky and wet as I climbed onto a table and began a repeat performance. I was in seventh heaven, surrounded by a crowd of men all staring as I began masturbating. The thought of all those spunk rods, pumped up and ready to come had me on the verge of climax. I began pushing my fingers in and out of my cunt, making a lovely slurping noise as I furiously wanked myself.

I wasn't the only acting like she needed a good fuck either – some of the guests were snogging and a few of the girls had their hands ferreting around inside the blokes' trousers, desperate to get at those stiff shagsticks. Lucy must have known how badly I needed my cunt filled, 'cos unzipping her boyfriend, Ben's, trousers, she pulled him and his big cock towards me, aiming his engorged prick at my mouth so I could wrap my soft lips around it. As I lapped at his cock, I hardly even had the time to catch my breath before he bucked his hips and released a stream of spunk over my mouth that dribbled down onto my breasts.

"Fuck me, that looks good enough to eat," said Lucy, bringing her mouth onto my breasts and lapping up the musky mixture. That seemed to be the catalyst for everyone else at the party to lose control and raging pricks were being released everywhere I looked. Lucy pulled me onto the table with her and then squatted over my face so I could eat out her delicious cunt while Ben gave my own box a deep poking as my hips hung over the edge of the table.

Well, my fanny flashing certainly had the desired effect, and I got myself fucked so many times that night I lost count. Now Lucy is going to follow my lead, and the two of us are planning to out together on the town... without our knickers, of course! – *Nina, Harrow*

TAILOR MADE

For the last two years, I've been working as a sales assistant in a posh outfitters in the centre of London. Our clientele is fairly exclusive and well-heeled, and I have to admit that most of them are pretty stuck up too. However, last week a young man came in to get fitted for a three-piece business suit, and he proved to be anything but reserved and gentlemanly!

I had been left in charge of closing the shop for the evening, and just as the sign when up on the door at 5.30pm, there was a frantic knocking on the door. Outside there stood a very handsome man with shoulder-length blonde hair and a great looking body. I'd recognised him as a man who had come in for a fitting earlier in the week and was supposed to pick up his suit this morning. He began apologising profusely, but I told him to relax, take a seat and I'd look out his suit for him.

When I came back, Luke asked me if it would be possible for him to try it on. "I know you're about to close," he said, "but I really need to check that it fits in all the right places."

Casting my eyes over his muscled chest, I could see exactly what he meant. "Oh go on then," I said, leading him towards to the changing rooms.

He nipped in quickly and began undressing. I could see into the changing rooms, and I could also see that he hadn't pulled the curtain back properly. I couldn't help but sneak a look, and

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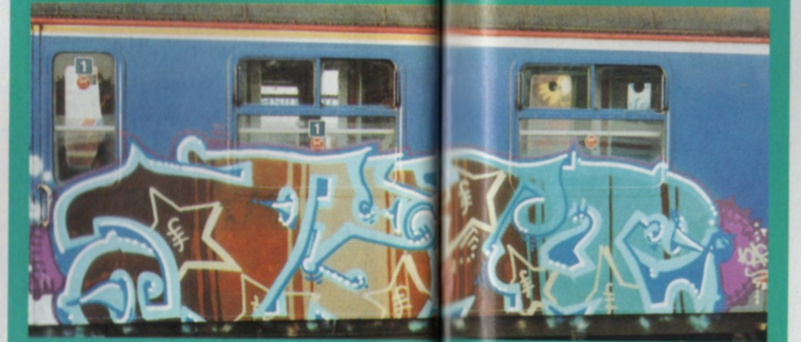
sheer art attack no.2



Brighton seems to be big on the graffiti map these days. Hardly a garage door, wall or shop front escapes the decorative designs of the local spray boys and girls. Naughty NIMA chose a train for this little gem – First Class carriage n' all. Keep it up!♣

layla

Photographs by Maria Clarke

When Layla let slip she was conceived to the Clapton track of the same name, we were worried. It only lasts four minutes. But if the 21-year-old Bradford lass's Dad was in a hurry to make love, his progeny certainly isn't.

"Sex should be slow and sublime. Long smooth strokes sliding in

and out as I gently caress your cock with my cunny muscles," she implores. "I love delicious days of kissing, licking, nibbling and nuzzling every bit of each other's body, with occasional gentle sex, still licking and sucking as we fuck. Anyone fancy a slowie for a change?" ♣